

MOVIES AND BOOKS THAT HAVE BEEN

BANNED

NUDISTS TAKE THE BLAME

BANNED

Premiere
Issue

\$1.25

PORNOGRAPHY IS HERE TO STAY

MOVIE SCENES YOU'LL NEVER SEE

THE BOOK THEY DARED TO PUBLISH



adults only

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BANNED

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PORNOGRA

is HERE

PORNOGRAPHY IS HERE TO STAY

Books and films showing clinical sex scenes, detailing every aspect of sexuality including perversions are now allowed to be sold in bookstores and newsstands everywhere.

Where once the mere hint of illicit sexual relations was cause for police action as when Theodore Dreiser's *Sister Carrie* appeared, today a book like *Naked Lunch* can now give a blow by blow account of the sex act with impunity.

Where once, as in *Madame Bovary*, a court denounced an author for describing adultery in relatively prudish terms, a jury has now shrugged its shoulders at *Lady Chatterley's Lover* where a gamekeeper sleeps with his master's wife and refers to her sex organs in four letter words.

Ten years ago you were considered daring and licentious if you smuggled a copy of *Tropic of Cancer* in your valise when you left Paris. Now you can buy Henry Miller's book in scores of cities in America. Plans are already underway to publish far sexier works of Miller's, works which even the French, who do not blush easily at sexual peccadillos, will not allow to be sold in French.

One of the top best sellers in the nation is *The Hundred Dollar Misunderstanding*, a novel about a college boy who shacks up with a fourteen year old colored prostitute. The language used in the novel by the girl is too obscene to use here. The story is devoted to one thing: the man's efforts to fornicate the teen-aged whore.

The *Carpetbaggers*, another long-time best seller, described the almost constant lecheries of a big tycoon in the movie and movie business. The novel presents a constant stream of sexual scenes — so many of them that at times the plot itself seems secondary.

The examples can be multiplied ad infinitum. Perhaps a more solid evidence of the new liberality shown by the courts toward what was once banned as pornography is the case of *MEMOIRS OF HEKATE COUNTY*.

When it appeared in New York shortly after the last war, Edmund Wilson's book, a collection of novelettes and short stories, was hailed by the critics. It was quickly denounced as pornography in the local courts however — on grounds that the stories described in too clinical detail the sex acts of various characters. Nothing was left to the reader's imagination, the prosecution complained.

PHY

WHY OUR BOOKS AND FILMS ARE GETTING HOTTER AND HOTTER AND WHAT WAS BANNED YESTERDAY IS NOW AVAILABLE EVERYWHERE.

TO STAY

In several cases, notably in a long story called *The Princess With the Golden Hair*, the author details slowly and as fully as possible the behavior of a couple about to make love including the effect on their sex organs as the act proceeds to its culmination. The book was quickly barred from further sales.

Today *MEMOIRS OF HEKATE COUNTY* is out in a new and more expensive edition and no new suit has been called against it. In the bookstores nearby can now be found *NAKED LUNCH*, by William Burroughs, an avant-garde writer, who tells the story of a dope addict.

The novel goes on to depict in fulsome detail the couplings of heterosexuals, of homosexuals, and of numerous characters in between. One critic has described it as a prose picture of what could be seen under a big rock that covers a mass of vermin. Yet *NAKED LUNCH* has not yet been banned anywhere in America that I know of.

THE PUBLIC IS AROUSED BY THE ATTITUDE TOWARD SEX

Already the new liberal attitudes toward what was once considered pornography has made the sex literary market a prime target. Numerous groups are now fighting the problem — additional evidence that pornography is here to stay.

Recently a United States Senate Committee on Juvenile Delinquency concluded the following:

75-90% of all obscene materials end up in the hands of children.

Veneral diseases are up 300% over previous years.

Homosexuality is increasing steadily in America. Psychiatrists and sociologists have warned that crimes of sex and violence occur nationwide every three minutes, and many of these crimes can be tied in to the influence of pornographic materials.

The Senate Committee on Juvenile Delinquency estimated that in 1963 two billion dollars would be grossed annually through newsstand obscenity. It concluded that a billion dollars would be needed for the care of illegitimate children as a result of illicit sexual relations provoked in part by reading or looking at pornography.

The Post Office estimates that a million school children will be recipients this year of \$500,000,000 worth of salacious materials sent through the mail.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 6

A FRANK REPORT ON THE CHANGED ATTITUDES IN COURTS AND SOCIETY WHICH HAS OPENED THE FLOODGATES TO HEAVILY EROTIC FICTION AND FILMS.



In January, 1960, J. Edgar Hoover, chief of the FBI, told law enforcement officials in America that the morals of America were besieged by "an unprincipled force which will spare no home or community in its quest for illicit profits."

He singled out as culprits "unquestionably base individuals who spread obscene literature across our land through the means of films, decks of playing cards, photographs, comic books, salacious magazines, paperbacked books and other pornographic products."

The most disgusting part of this assault, Mr. Hoover declared, is that our youth is subjected to lurid exhibitions of obscenity in places that only a few years back were pleasant meeting places: drug stores and sweetshops.

He pointed to the startling fact that in 1957 there were nearly eight forcible rapes per 100,000 in the United States. A year later this figure had increased ten and one-half per cent, a forcible rape occurring every 36 minutes. "This truly shocking and shameful state of affairs, he added, is 'made even more deplorable by the knowledge that sex crimes and obscene and vulgar literature often go hand and hand.'"

Sex magazines, Mr. Hoover reported, are creating criminals faster than we can build jails to house them. He urged civic and community groups to join law enforcement authorities in the battle against obscenity.

Civic and Community groups have willingly joined the battle. Among the most determined and vociferous in it's pledge to eradicate pornography is the nationwide group called Citizens for Decent Literature. Through meetings in various cities, through a program of films like Pages of Death which shows how a sex-obsessed male molests and kills a young girl, through its bureau of speakers, through cooperation with law enforcement officers who prosecute offenders, it is doing a yeoman job. And yet at a recent meeting of the group in Hollywood, speaker after speaker deplored the fact that pornography was getting harder and harder to dislodge from regular legal sales channels.

One man opined that it was difficult to remove obscene books when such works as Lady Chatterly's Lover, Tropic of Cancer and The Carpetbaggers could be sold openly everywhere. Why should police and district attorneys pick up other books, he asked, when the courts have stopped them from picking up the books mentioned above?

A law enforcement officer frankly told the audience that his hands were tied in trying to remove porno-

graphic materials. The courts have decided that if a magazine has material of some value to society, some educational significance, it cannot be deemed pornographic. What this has done, the same man said, is to give the pornography merchants an excellent way out. All they have to do is publish an article or set of pictures about fish or racing cars and they are automatically off the hook.

Another official, a man on the district attorney's staff in a West Coast community, said that in case after case, state and federal courts had refused to sanction the seizure of salacious magazines and books on grounds that their status as pornography was not definitely established and that it was unfair to deprive a man of his livelihood by removing his entire stock of merchandise under such circumstances.

The meeting, which had begun with cheerful vigor and determination, soon became quite gloomy as it became evident that pornography was here to stay. At least under present legal barriers it is here to stay, the consensus seemed to feel, despite the group's continued determination to wage warfare against smut peddlers.



COURT ATTITUDES TOWARD PORNOGRAPHY AND EROTICA

Essentially the attitude of higher courts toward pornography suits is that pornography must be considered as pornography by current prevalent community standards. Or as the United States Supreme Court majority opinion expressed it in the case of a supposedly obscene film: The Miracle some years ago: you cannot demand that publishers and film producers create material that is suitable only for a twelve year old mind. The community's standards, the current attitudes toward sex and its public discussion, the prevalent attitudes toward sexual relationships must be taken into account by courts and law enforcement officers.

In still another trail-breaking decision, the bench decided in the Roth-Alberts case in 1957 that an offender had to "knowingly" mail pornographic material to be punished and fined.

This concept has now become policy in the investigation of sales of alleged pornography. Dealers who peddle smut must be shown conclusively to "know" that it is smut they are selling. But in many instances the man who sells the salacious and obscene material is merely a clerk who knows little of the contents of his merchandise. Or if he does, effectively masks this fact and claims that he is simply acting for an absentee owner.

In another court decision, law enforcement officers were enjoined from blocking a merchant's right to trade by seizing all his stock of merchandise. What this means, in effect, is that law enforcement officers have to weigh the possibility of losing costly damage suits against the municipality if a court decides that merchandise they have seized is in fact not pornographic under current community standards. Dangers of such suits added to the liberality of the courts towards many books mentioned earlier in this report, act undoubtedly as a brake against confiscation and prosecution by police officers and district attorneys.

Still another set of court decisions designed to protect freedom of expression and of the press, as guaranteed under our federal constitution, have served as additional barriers in the fight against pornography.

Thus publishers of pornography are protected by the Bill of Rights which prevents prosecution of publishers before their material is off the press and on sale. This would be considered censorship before the fact, the federal courts have held and removal of freedoms without due process of law. The courts have reasoned that it is more important to protect the freedoms granted in the Bill of Rights than to keep minors from salacious materials.

WHAT NEXT FOR THE ANTI-SMUT GROUPS?

Undoubtedly the various groups fighting against propagation of smut will continue to wage a vigorous fight. And they will continue to meet with some heartening success. In a number of places including Los Angeles, the courts have banned Henry Miller's controversial TROPIC OF CANCER. The many suits against Tropic of Cancer which are still on the court calendars and the damages already suffered by various booksellers in Miller's case, has already had an effect on Grove Press, the book's publisher. To date, it has not yet sent out Tropic of Capricorn to bookstores. Tropic of Capricorn has even more sex passages than Tropic of Cancer.

In several instances courts have upheld local authorities who seized salacious books as when the U.S. Supreme Court refused to review convictions of six Baltimore newsstand vendors. However, significantly the court decision upheld a state law which deliberately left the definition of obscenity up to the courts. This can work both ways.

In 1961 Burbank officials raided a warehouse full of salacious books worth about \$500,000 just as they were being readied for shipment to Ohio, Kentucky, Texas and other states by truck. Two years later a California state court ordered the return of the same material on grounds that the seizure was unlawful. The court decision served also to make the Burbank officials liable to a damage suit by the owner of the confiscated merchandise.

Similar efforts to ban various nudie films such as Not Tonight Henry and The Immoral Mr. Teas have not been universally successful despite vigorous local actions.

Efforts to have Congress ban publication of salacious material have notably met with failure. One



legislator, who was frankly sympathetic to the battle of the smut fighters said with deep sadness that it is not possible to legislate in the field of morals. He cited the unhappy experience of the United States with the Eighteenth Amendment which brought in Prohibition and along with it an army of bootleggers, speakeasy operators, racketeers and rum-running smugglers.

It seems evident, therefore, that until community groups can resolve the conflict between abridging a man's freedom to express himself and to print what he likes and his abuse of that unlimited freedom, pornography seems destined to stay on and on.

Meanwhile the magazines and books go further and further in testing what is considered to be pornographic. Not long ago a new quarterly was launched called EROS. Stating that it would take full advantage of the new freedom of expression, the magazine editors frankly described their book as a magazine of sexual candor. Advertisements have been widely distributed through the mails for this expensive salute to erotica. The initial issue included pieces on Japanese Pillowbooks, Vice in old New York, a Patented Male Chastity Belt, Memoirs of a stripper, etc.

PORNOGRAPHY IS ACTUALLY ON THE INCREASE

The number of girlie magazines full of photographs that are devoted to the flesh market continues to show no sign of abatement. The Kama Sutra, an Oriental guide to sexual relations with frank discussion of various sexual positions, has just been published openly after decades of under the counter sales.

Plans are underway to publish The Memoirs of Fanny Hill, a heavily erotic fictional work written by John Cleland in the eighteenth century. Fanny Hill, which has enjoyed a strong sale in Paris bookshops frequented by American tourists, was originally legally sold in England and then suddenly banned after many complaints were received by the authorities. The current publishers feel that under the prevalent community standards which permit sale of the unexpurgated Lady Chatterley's Lover, Memoirs of Hecate County, Naked Lunch and Lolita, there is no reason not to put Fanny Hill on public sale.

Newer developments in the magazine field which also show how the wind blows are magazines frankly designed to interest homosexuals by using portraits of muscular young men in the nude and a magazine that throws light on the activities and interests of transvestites.

***the
girl
With
the***



***TOO
BIG BOSOM***







BANNED IN AMERICA!

YOUNG SINNERS

Sweden's shocker
of teenage



TODAY'S YOUTH ON A THRILL RAMPAGE!

The Scandinavian countries have long been noted for their frankness in dealing with controversial subjects. "Young Sinners" is no exception. It deals quite openly with a promiscuous eighteen year old girl who prides herself in having relations with many men. She is a girl who enjoys sex, and is not ashamed of it.



In the picture, she runs off with a nineteen year old boy to spend a week-end on an abandoned farm with him. They find happiness, love — and of course, sex, as you can see from the stills — until they are joined by an ex-convict who owns the shack. The convict is, naturally, attracted to the girl and makes a play for her. Because she is getting bored, the girl accepts his advances.



promiscuity





The plot of "Young Sinners" is a simple but basic one. It involves the love — or in this case, sex — triangle, with two men and one girl. Hollywood has used this same plot many times, but not the way the Swedes have in this case. "Young Sinners" pulls no punches for the sake of the censor.



It shows nudity where nudity would actually appear in a real life situation. It tells the story of a "bad" girl who does not suffer the pangs of remorse or retribution for enjoying herself the way she wants to.

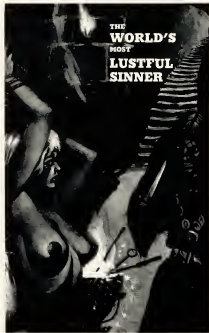


A BANNED EXCLUSIVE

THE BOOK THEY DARED TO PUBLISH

by
Reginald Barnes

THE STORY OF THE WORLD'S MOST LUSTFUL SINNER. THE MARQUIS DE SADE WHOSE NAME HAS LONG STOOD FOR EVIL AND DEGENERACY — WHOSE SEXUAL CRUELTY HAS LED PSYCHIATRISTS TO USE HIS NAME FOR A BRAND OF SEX-CUM-VIOLENCE AND PUNISHMENT KNOWN AS SADISM. HIS FULL STORY HAS NEVER BEEN TOLD BEFORE. NOW ONE DARED PRINT IT IN ALL ITS HORRIBLE DETAIL. NOW A NEW PUBLISHING FIRM, GROOVE PRESS, WILL SOON PRINT THIS BANNED STORY IN FULL, DRAMATIC AND AWFUL COLORS. BANNED HERE REPRINTS IN FULL AN EXCERPT FROM THIS LONG-AWAITED WORK.



Editor's Note:

The Marquis de Sade was born in eighteenth century France into an ancient, aristocratic family. He had all the privileges that only the wealthy nobility could afford. He was a brilliant writer, an excellent soldier and a philosopher whose incisive intellectual qualities have impressed many great minds. Yet this man, almost from his earliest youth, became hell-bent on a path of debauchery and lechery the world has seldom seen. Not since the evil machinations of Gilles de Rais an important follower of Joan of Arc, who slew and horribly mutilated hundreds of innocent children, has anyone remotely resembling De Sade appeared, on history's stage. What makes De Sade more interesting than Gilles de Rais, however, is that he developed for future generations a full-blown philosophy of vice. It was as if the devil himself had taken pen to paper to reveal his innermost thoughts. The great French poet, Baudelaire, expressed it best when he wrote: "We must always return to De Sade to understand man's evil."

The incident reprinted below occurred early in De Sade's career as an Army officer. It was the first in a long line of orgies and sexual escapades that were to shock all of France and even the blasé court of Louis XV. It is interesting that even the French court was

shocked at the lecheries of the young Marquis since the king himself kept a harem of young farmgirls as mistresses and lived openly with two beautiful women — FIRST the great Madame Pompadour who gave her name to a hairstyle still famous and later Madame Du Barry. But nothing that went on in Versailles ever approached in daring and frank violation of convention the bold lecheries of the Marquis de Sade to whom, sex laced with cruelty was the greatest source of pleasure. Again and again De Sade told his confidants that a man should never make love to a woman unless he could beat or whip her at the same time.

The Paris twenty-three year old De Sade returned to was one of almost continuous partying and excess of debauchery. As one of the great capitals of the world, it had the distinction of having more bordellos than Cairo, Alexandria, Rome. Nearly everyone who could read had a collection of illustrated pornography. Men collected mistresses the way they formerly collected horses.

The entire city was thrown open to the enjoyment of flesh and anything considered a stimulant, be it book, aphrodisiac, poem or new technique, was eagerly pounced on.

A fellow officer of De Sade described one of these parties in a letter to a friend:

"The din of revelry rang out through the great hall, punctuated by the sound of the girls giggling in the next room. Several of the officers were already stupid drunk and passed out on the dining table. An ambitious sub-lieutenant avidly fondled the lush breasts of the buxom blonde serving girl.

"Off in the corner, three young lieutenants tightly clutched naked harlots to their laps while singing the motto song of the Cavalry Regiment de Bourgogne.

"On the far end of the great plank dining table, a mustacheed major was spilling cordials on the bare breasts of a naked brunette and quickly licking up the savory liquor.

"The giggling of girls from the next room changed abruptly to screams as the rhythmic sound of a whip fell in measured cadence. The door to the next room burst open and a tall, whiskered young captain lurched out drunkenly, his glazed eyes casting about the room filled with officers. He staggered up to the buffet, on which rested several bottles of cognac. His shirt was in tatters. Removing the shirt, the young captain made brief examination of two large welts across his chest. With a shrug of his heavy set shoulders, he poured cognac over the welts, then tilted the bottle to his lips. He roared with pleasure at the sight of a slight young captain seated by himself at the table, seemingly oblivious to the roistering in the rest of the room.

"The larger captain took the cognac with him, poured a huge glassful and thrust it at the slighter man. 'Drink up, de Sade, then come celebrate. I have a woman in there for you who has a magnificent trick. I will cheerfully wager ten Louis d'ors that you have never experienced her new trick.' CONTINUED ON PAGE 52

Detective turns Model



Abigail looks more like a model than a private detective. It would be difficult picturing this lovely young lass in a slouch hat and a trench coat. She seems to be made to be a model.

Yet when she left college and went out into the cold world to seek fame and fortune, the first job she landed was as the girl Friday to a private detective. The job excited her so much she offered to help the private eye in any way she could.

Shortly thereafter, the opportunity arrived. A suspicious swim suit manufacturer was wise to the detective, so Abigail got a job modeling so she could stick close to the manufacturer and learn things for her boss. The manufacturer, a middle-aged, cigar-smoking executive developed more designs on Abigail than was necessary for his bathing suit production, but Abigail's knowledge of Judo paid off. Abigail got the needed information, reported to the private eye, got a raise, and was satisfied to know that the manufacturer, a no-good scoundrel who was embezzling funds and cheating on his wife, got his just desserts.

But the brief taste of modeling whetted her appetite for more. So she began modeling for art classes, and for photographers. Now, her detective days are behind, and the modeling future looks rosy. After all, it's what's up front that counts!







***Scenes
you'll never see***





Here are a few scenes from some of these imports that will probably wind up on the censor's cutting room floor.



More and more daring pictures are on their way to the United States from Europe, pictures such as **THE FESTIVAL GIRLS**, **PRELUDE TO ECSTASY**, and **IT'S HOT IN PARADISE**.







The scissors of the censor is getting busier and busier these days. The vast flood of erotic and frank realism films coming to our shores makes his job more and more difficult. Whether censorship is a good or a bad thing is a subject often argued these days, in and out of courts. The fact is, it does exist — and European moviemakers continue making their films, knowing that the U.S. censors will do some snipping of footage here and there.

The U.S. moviemakers' are aware that they have strong competition overseas, where censorship is not as severe, so even they will often make two versions of a film, one for domestic consumption, the other for export. The export version is frequently as realistic as the European films.

On these pages are examples of scenes that you may never see except in the pages of BANNED.







Banned as ...

too SEXY

seven
daring girls

The Europeans know that nudity by itself is not necessarily sexiness. The nudist movement in Europe is very strong, and in general the human body is accepted with or without clothes.

However, put a few wisps of cloth about the female body, and it becomes intriguing. Place the female in a bikini that hugs sand barely covers her many charms — and there you have sexiness.

This is the case in the movie, **SEVEN DARING GIRLS**. It is the story of a group of lovely and well-proportioned young maidens who embark on an ocean voyage. There is not a great amount of nudity in the film, but there is no need for it. You can see what we mean by studying the accompanying pictures.







the girl who shouldn't be BANNED



In a short time, Linda has become one of the top and most sought-after models in the business. A look at these pictures will tell you why.









She is not only lovely to look at, she has a bubbling personality that comes right through for all to see. She is one girl who shouldn't be banned — and fortunately isn't! You'll be able to see much more of her in the future.



A BANNED EXPOSE

Nudist Take the blame



ARE NUDISTS RESPONSIBLE FOR THE GLUT
OF OVERSEXED FILMS FULL OF NAKED
GIRLS POURING INTO OUR CITIES?



WITH NUDISM MORE POPULAR THAN EVER IN MOVIES AND MAGAZINES THE NEW LIBERALITY OF THE LAW PROVOKES A RASH OF PHONEY NUDIST MOVIES.





THE NUDISTS TAKE THE BLAME

by

Hilary Preston

If you've been reading your newspapers lately you must have noticed the mounting public protests over the glut of nudie films coming out each month. In cities throughout the nation, civic-minded groups are complaining about the acres of female flesh that are parading across screens. Films such as **NOT TONIGHT HENRY**, **SCANTY PANTIES**, **THE TOUCHABLES**, **THE IMMORAL MR. TEAS** and **EVE AND THE HANDYMAN**, to name just a few, are being attacked for their blatant exploitation of feminine buttocks, breasts, hips and thighs.

As one might expect, the public outcry is spilling over into the ranks of the nudists. The same civic groups are complaining that these nudie films are directly caused by the growth of nudist magazines and camps throughout America. More than one local committee has come out bluntly for the abolition of all social nudism and its publications as the only sure way to wipe out smut.

Is there any truth in this charge?

Must the bonafide, law-abiding nudists take the blame for the bare fanny and exposed breast epidemic that has hit the screens of several theaters in nearly every important city in the United States?

We think not. We think the charge is not only ill-founded, but shows an abysmal ignorance of the aims and folklore of social nudism.



SOCIAL NUDISM DOES NOT STRESS SEX

The aims of the established nudist groups in America — organizations like the American Sunbathing Association and the American Nudists Association are to promote a healthy, wholesome family life free of the restraints of clothes. Camps throughout the union make it an absolute must that members come accompanied by their wives and/or other members of their family. No vulgarity or sexual provocation is tolerated. New members are thoroughly screened for character references and emotional stability and the rules and regulations are strict. No hanky panky is permitted at any time. If you think that male and female nudists plunge into the bushes at the drop of a hat and indulge in illicit copulation or even graduate petting of the kind that you can find in any drive-in movie, you're very much mistaken.

Bona fide nudists are law-abiding citizens who are frequently very shy and go out of their way to underplay the fact that they face each other nakedly. In an average nudist camp, the atmosphere resembles that of a church fish fry or a high school picnic — a well-chaperoned high school picnic at that.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 64







Stars in her eyes

Marsha is a girl who wanted to be an astronomer, but she grew into such a heavenly body herself, her friends convinced her she should not hide herself away in some remote observatory but come out in the open for all the world to see and admire.

She hopes to become a star herself one day (a movie star, that is). Already she has an offer from an Italian producer. Trouble is, there are strings attached, and she doesn't like pizza that well.



Key Club EXPOSE

“Playgirl After Dark”



Unlike most “girlie” movies, **PLAYGIRL AFTER DARK** has a plot and a pair of Hollywood stars in the leading roles. Leo Genn is the male lead — and Jayne Mansfield, complete with forty inch bust, is very obviously the female.

The plot concerns the intimate key clubs and the gangsters who operate in the shadows behind the operation. Poised against this background are a number of strippers who enliven the proceedings between the scenes of intrigue and gunplay. A lot of Miss Mansfield is shown in this picture, and her remarkable assets never looked better or more remarkable.

**JAYNE
MANSFIELD**



"Captain De Sade stifled a yawn. Only slightly over five feet two inches, he was nevertheless an imposing figure in his fawn colored officer's breeches and green tunic. His eyes were large and deep black. His hair a long, silky black. 'I accept the wager,' he said dryly. The girl fills her mouth with warm water, then..."

"His friend was aghast. 'How could you know?' 'Because,' De Sade, 'there is nothing now when it comes to sex. Everything is a matter of the particular experience.'

"The other captain laughed. Then came, there is a fine experience awaiting you. I know your preferences. The sight of those jaunty bared buttocks of hers will drive you past your lethargy. This is your party, man. Enjoy it. Look at you, sitting here moping."

"Again De Sade yawned. 'Louis, I have wasted the past eight years in the army. I learned nothing from

fighting the Germans and the women are dull, every one of them.'

"Wasted. You are modest, mon ami. I personally know of fourteen of the most delicious women in southern France you have tasted. You have cuckolded the General and the Count De Villiers. And, if I do say so, you have written a fine, fine hook. A bit strong, perhaps. But fine, nevertheless. Now come, the girls wait for us.'

"You go," De Sade said.

"Louis placed his hand on De Sade's shoulder. 'This is your last night with the regiment. This party is in your honor and you refuse to participate. If, as you say, you've wasted your time, you should be pleased to leave; pleased enough to celebrate.'

"With an angry sweep of his arm, De Sade smashed his glass to the floor. 'Boredom,' he shouted in an unusually deep, sonorous voice. 'Miserable damned boredom.'

"A tall, stately prostitute with shoulder length red hair jumped to his lap, her hands moving expertly at his suspenders. 'I will save the Capitain from boredom,' she said in a loud, raucous voice.

"De Sade glared at her. 'Will you now?' he said with heavy sarcasm. 'Will you really?'

"The redhead moved to the challenge by swinging her naked legs across De Sade's lap and pressed her large breasts against his face. De Sade slashed at her with the back of his hand, causing the girl to grunt.

"She's only trying to be in the spirit of the party, Donatien," De Sade's friend said.

"Very well," De Sade agreed. Quickly, he drew his dagger from his sash holster and pushed the point at the soft flesh of the girl's buttock. She squealed in pain and a brief flicker of a smile flashed across the young captain's face.

"There you have it, Louis," De Sade said. Pain. The only human emotion truly worth investigating. The only valid feeling. Without pain, there can be no pleasure.' He pushed harder at the butt of his knife. A thin trickle of blood seeped from the girl's flesh. She seemed determined to keep her composure.

"Suddenly irritated, De Sade pushed harder on the butt of his knife, driving the point a full inch into the soft skin of the prostitute's buttock.

"Blood spurted and the girl began screaming.

"Several of the officers turned to watch as the girl clasped her hand helplessly to the wound and stood up.

"De Sade stood next to her. 'Now, my fellow officers,' he said, 'I will show you something worth understanding.' He thrust the knife at the girl again. The girl began screaming in terror. De Sade made an expert lunge and caused a large nick to appear on the girl's thigh. As she bent to investigate, De Sade slashed at her with the back of his hand, sending the girl to the floor.

"Now," De Sade said, 'she is ready for love. She has been given fear and pain. Can any of you say she is not returned now to the state of an animal? Come, my little one. Show me what you will do with my boredom. Make love to me now.'

"The girl began crying. 'You're all pigs,' she said. 'Every one of you.'

"De Sade grinned. 'And you've had every one of us, so naturally, you know. Now tell me, which is the greater pig?'

"Before the girl could answer, De Sade grappled with her, drawing her against him and covering her mouth with his. He bit into her lip with vigor, using his right hand to pinch hard at her buttock.



"The girl struggled to free herself while the officers laughed and shouted encouragement to the young Captain De Sade.

"Bravo," a lieutenant shouted. "De Sade is no longer bashful. The party is a success."

The girl continued to struggle. "You pig," she said when he freed her. "You filthy pig."

"Excellent," De Sade said. "Now we will make love. But first I will give you a souvenir of the evening. Fetch me some fire tongs."

"A lackey dashed into the room, carrying the tongs De Sade requested. The captain removed from his finger a large ring with the family crest, gripped it in the tongs and held the ring over the fire.

"A muttering of encouragement arose from the officers. Several began to applaud.

"The prostitute screamed, and when the ring was withdrawn from the fire, red hot, actually fainted.

"The experiment is a failure," De Sade said sadly. "If I had been united with her at the moment of her greatest terror, then I should have been happy. One must know how far to go in these matters; this is the secret of all sexual relations. The primary and most beautiful of Nature's qualities is motion, which agitates her at all times, but this motion is simply the perpetual consequences of crime. It is conserved by means of crimes alone."

"When the prostitute regained consciousness, De Sade requested help from his friend Louis and another officer. Each held an arm of the girl as they spread her over the table, face down.

"Stripping, De Sade mounted the table and stood over her. 'Pleasure requires crime and ingenuity. This girl was paid for her favors. We have no way of knowing whether or not she will cheat us if we let her be the judge, so we must take our favors from her. We shall be the masters. It is my belief that this lusty young wench does not like to be loved from this position, nor does she like to be held down by force. So... we will do both.'

"The Captain moved against the girl. As she wriggled and screamed, a look of glazed ecstasy came into his face, but it lasted only briefly.

"It is the trouble of the times," he said. "Pleasure is lacking. We are too damned civilized."

"As he dressed, his entire attitude seemed to change. He actually used his silk handkerchief to daub tears from the girl's eyes, then tied it over the largest of her knife wounds. Into her palm, he pressed a large gold coin and called again for the lackeys. "See that she is bathed and fed and treated with consideration."

"He smiled at his fellow officers and grinned indulgently at the noises from the next room, where another girl was being whipped. "My fellow officers," De Sade said, "I wish I could say I enjoyed my service in the military, but I have not. What I have enjoyed was your company. I shall always hope for your good wishes. And now, good night."

The Marquis de Sade went on after this incident to commit crimes against society which are still heatedly discussed today. He also, in the course of a checkered career which included long imprisonment, wrote several books which have been banned in most countries as being too pornographic.

Among these are *Justine*—the story of a young girl who becomes violated by all men whom she meets and who is constantly being deceived by kindly gentlemen who want to seduce her; *Juliette*, the equally salacious tale of another young girl; the 120 days of Sodom which vividly depicts several hundred perversions, etc.

At the same time de Sade wrote many pages of philosophical dialogue on the evil that is inherent in human nature which has strongly attracted many intellectuals. In modern day France, such intellectual leaders as Paul Eluard and Simone de Beauvoir have acclaimed him as a great writer and one whose sexual peccadillos and sins should be overlooked because of his great literary contributions.

The story of de Sade's escapades and his trials for attacking a helpless woman and pouring wax into her wounds, of his trial for poisoning girls in a Marseilles brothel with chocolates containing Spanish Fly is told vividly in Groove Press's soon to be published story of his life. Be sure to look for it on the stands soon under the title: **THE WORLD'S MOST LUSTFUL SINNER.**





VIOLENCE

SEARS OUR MOVIES!

Ours is an age of violence. You have only to pick up the daily paper to know this is true. One newspaper was so impressed by this fact that they isolated one corner of the first page to prominently display a piece of "happy" news for the day.





Another way to become apprised of the violent age in which we live is to go to the movies. The Italian import, **ROCCO AND HIS BROTHERS**, for example, with the raw actions unabashedly portrayed there.



Or Sweden's contribution with **THE VIRGIN SPRING**, with it's filming of the rape of a young girl and the subsequent bloody killing of the rapists by a vengeful father.



Or in the United States take **SUDDENLY, LAST SUMMER** with its cannibalistic youngsters devouring one of their members. Even an Academy Award musical, **WEST**

SIDE STORY, was filled with race hatred, flashing switch blades, the sound of gunfire at its climax.



The censors have a problem, not only with the stark portrayal of sex on the screen, but with the depiction of violence.



Imports such as YOUNG, WILLING AND EAGER, ATOM AGE VAMPIRE, NUDE IN CHARCOAL, and the infamous German film ... UND KEINER SCHAMTE SICH are examples having scenes which will tempt the hovering scissors.



More will follow

WHY SMUT MUST BE BANNED

A PROMINENT SEX NOVEL EDITOR SPEAKS FRANKLY ABOUT THE SMUT MARKET — ITS AMAZING GROWTH IN THE PAST FEW YEARS AND THE MONEY TO BE MADE IN IT. EXCLUSIVE INTERVIEW TO BANNED.

SEX PAYS OFF

Note: Jackson Lessing is a pseudonym for the editor of one of the nation's most successful publishers of erotic paperbacks. He has written more than twenty sex novels himself and in ten years as chief editor has passed on literally hundreds of sexy novels, smut-filled short stories and often sheer hard core pornography. Undoubtedly more familiar with the sex fiction market than most men in the field, he was a natural source for this interview. In this dialogue he speaks bluntly about the sex literary market, the lowering of literary standards, its effect on our writers and the enormous magnet that the money in the field creates for both writers and editors.

Q. Do you think the sex fiction market is bigger now than it was before the war when such novels as Studs Lonigan, Anthony Adverse and the old Jack Woodford novels, emphasized the erotic so strongly?

A. No doubt about it all. Sex fiction today is the fast moving item for all dealers and all readers. What happened in the past was that a relatively small percentage of our novels was devoted to sex. And these were hardcover books, beyond the reach of many people's purses. Today everybody who can spend fifty cents can go into a supermarket or to a newsstand and buy an item that could never have been published fifteen years ago. And the demand has become a veritable niagara. Moreover it gets bigger every day. There were roughly a million books a day published during 1962 — this includes all categories. Most of these were paperbacks and I can guarantee that most of the paperbacks were very sexy, even smutty books.

Q. You seem to feel strongly about such books. Does it disturb you that so many sex novels are published and sold in the U.S. every year?

A. It does, but not because I'm a puritan. I think sex is very important and great stories have been written about such themes as adultery — Madame Bovary and Anna Karenina come immediately to mind for instance. But what disturbs me is the growing trend toward sex for its own clinical self. In the ten years I've been passing on manuscripts this has got worse and worse. Writers no longer try to develop characters or intelligent human predicaments. They contrive sex parties or orgies where fornication can be arranged with almost painful regularity.

Q. You don't approve of this. Why?

A. Because it is degrading to the human soul, because it turns us all into fornicating animals without any purpose in life save to go out and leech with any female who crosses our path. I have a rule in my own office that no unmotivated and implausible sex is to be permitted in any story we buy, but I'm only one of perhaps scores of editors who pass on such things. The glut of orgies and contrived fornications, of lesbian love affairs and even homosexual trysts in paperbacks you can find anywhere, speaks for itself.

Q. I'd like to go back to your point about motivated sex, or plausible sex. In short can you give me an example of let us say motivated and plausible sex in a novel and then contrast it with the implausible and unmotivated kind? I'm sure this would clarify the problem greatly.

A. Well the easiest example of the wrong kind of sex — the kind I myself refuse to accept is what you find in hard core pornography. In such books a girl fornicates with every man she meets. There need not be any special reason but simple appetite for sex. A girl, let us say, goes to an office and immediately the interviewer puts his hand up her skirt, or down the front of her dress. And he may toss her on to the office couch and fornicate her or engage in any manner of sexual perversions. All, mind you, without any reason or even the girl's permission. What makes this rather funny — a grim kind of humor really is that, the lecher leaves the door unlocked and doesn't give a damn if anybody walks in or stares through the window. In other hard core pornography — several

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people at a party suddenly decide to play a kind of sexual spin the bottle. That is a man just turns to any girl he looks at and fornicates her. Then they all join in on a kind of gang shag and often in the same room. Well I need not labor the point. You can find hundreds of examples in any of the books the Olympia or Obelisk Press publishes in English in Paris. And interestingly enough even the French will not permit these books to be printed in French and sold there. They're smuggled overseas and brought in to the U.S. — the English copies I mean.

Q. Well that clarifies the hard pornography picture — but what I meant was examples of what one would actually find available in a newsstand or market here.

A. Well some of the stuff that was considered hard core pornography can be found there too. But since you're including a piece about that in this issue, I won't go into that. Let's see — suppose I give you an example of how I would write a scene — a sex scene if I were doing it plausible and with motivation and then the wrong, or smutty way.

Let us assume that I am doing a novel in which a young lawyer is trying to get a woman to testify as a witness in an important civil suit. First I would show them together, reacting to one another's personalities. I would show that there is a deep conflict facing the two people. The lawyer desires the girl, even wants to marry her. But he needs her as a witness to win the suit and himself an enormous fee. He can persuade her by making love to her, yet he hesitates because of his own emotional involvement with her and his own sense of honor. Finally after a normal build-up to demonstrate all these feelings and conflicting emotions, we come to the sex scene. It would go something like this.

"Paul accepted Donna's drink and sipped it slowly. Then he lit her cigarette. As his head moved close to hers, he could inhale the heady perfume from her superb breasts, two lovely globes barely restrained by her dress. He was painfully aware of her nipples against the thin fabric and of the white expanse of white, smooth thigh as her dress hiked over her knees. Against his better judgment, he kissed her hungrily and then ran his hand over her breasts — only to draw back as if he had hurt her.

"I'm sorry dear," Paul said. "I'd better go."

"Why?" she asked surprised. "If you feel that you've done something terrible, don't. I want you to do that darling. Very much."

He seized her in his arms and caressed her breasts hungrily, then he began to undo the back of her dress and moved his nervous fingers to her brassiere. He unhooked it and, trembling began to undo her dress. He wanted her so badly he was going out

of his mind. The thought of seeing her lovely body, naked, unarmed, ready for his embraces made his temples throb. Slowly she began to lift the dress over her shoulders. His eyes boggled as he saw what she looked like in her black lace panties and brassiere. He held out his arms greedily and then stopped, groaning. He stood up miserably and reached for his hat.

"I've got to go Donna," he said brusquely. I'm late now. Please forgive me for an appointment downtown."

"You mean it can't wait?" she asked in a hurt voice.

He shook his head violently. "Goodbye Donna. I'll call you about the case tomorrow."

"No, Paul," she said in an injured tone. "You can't just start a thing like this and back down. What's wrong. What have I done? You don't want me is that it. Is it that I'm ugly or something I've done. For God's sake, Paul tell me. What on earth have I done?"

"What have you done?" he asked amazed. "You haven't done anything. Not anything." He seized her in his arms and kissed her wetly on the lips. Then without looking at her, still holding her close, he said: "Donna, I love you very much. I didn't mean to fall in love with you when I came here. I was just trying to find a witness for my client. In a case where your testimony may get him a quarter of million dollars and earn me a fee of fifty thousand. But damn it don't you understand. I'm only human. I want to win the case and I want the money. But not if I have to put you to bed to get you to testify damn it. I may be all kinds of bastard, but not that kind. Not when I know I'd rather marry you than earn ten times fifty grand."

She stared at him for a long moment. He could see her lips tremble as she digested what he had just said. Then coldly she rasped:

"Get out, GET OUT, GET OUT!"

Now the ending of that could also have quite validly been that she asks him to stay because she's touched by his honesty and his refusal to betray their relationship. Either way it is plausible and motivated.

Q. Now how would you write the scene for the smut market that pours out the paperbacks you hate so much?

A. This way: First of all I'd forget any build-up of scenes leading to the payoff sex scene. We start with the young lawyer going to the witness's apartment with the avowed intention of getting her help. He is prepared to resort to any means to get what he wants. No characterization of the man is attempted. The girl is likewise a monolithic person who happens to be beautifully stacked and is naturally a

pretty easy girl to seduce. In fact she could even be a nymphomaniac simply to facilitate our rogue's progress. What counts is that we get to the bedroom scene quickly. So here's how that scene would read:

"Paul took the drink from her hand and gazed thoughtfully down the low cleavage of her breasts. He could see the large madder brown nipples pointing at him like sentries' bayonets.

"You're quite a girl honey," he said. "I'd thought you'd be an old bag or something."

"I hope you're not disappointed," she said, leaning back so that her thin skirt rose far above her knees and disclosed the purple-crocheted panties she wore.

Paul smiled and played a tattoo with his fingers on her robust white thighs. Then his finger moved up and tugged at her panties, trying to pull them off. She drew back slightly with an expression of mock fear on her face.

"Hey I thought you came up to ask me to testify in a damage suit buster," Donna said smiling at him.

"Who said no, baby?" Paul whispered, letting one hand creep up her thigh while the other fished out her hard round breast from inside her dress. Now take that dress and those panties off sweetie. It's not that I have anything against your undies, but I'm allergic to purple."

"What about your appointment buster. I thought you only had fifteen or twenty minutes before you had to catch a cab."

"The appointment can wait darling," he said. He tore impatiently at her dress, then pulled it confidently over her head.

She was stark naked underneath.

He whistled as he saw the size and shape of her magnificent breasts which reminded him of great Japanese lanterns in a blushing pink color. The lovely aureoles on the girl's twin beauties made him think of two hot fudge sundaes! He cupped them feverishly in his hands and ran his lips over them. The girl stiffened with passionate excitement as his wet lips burned her flesh, then she pressed her body greedily against his own.

"Oh Man," she said hoarsely. "I've been wanting you to do that ever since you came in. I thought I'd go out of my head until you did."

He sized her in his arms and marched into her bedroom, then without hesitation he dumped her on the bed and shucked off his clothes.

"You know something baby," he said as he took her in his arms and felt the twin hardnesses of her mounds spear against his own chest, "that jerk downstairs can wait all day for all I give a damn. This comes first."

She did not say anything for a moment. She could

not. Her eyes went wildly about the room as his hands explored her body and aroused it to fever pitch and as he prepared to possess her completely.

Then as his hands pressed her buttocks toward him and he bit her shoulder, she cried out in pain and beseeched him to take her now.

"NOW, NOW, NOW, NOW, NOW, NOW, NOW, NOW, NOW, NOW!", she screamed at him. She began to shout insults and profanities at him to goad him on and on. He smiled and he took her, probing deeply into her, feeling their bodies as one, feeling the wetness of her breasts and belly against his, until in the light, their bodies gleamed like two greased channel swimmers.

She remained glued to his body like a butterfly wriggling on a pin until the moment of glorious release came and then she let out a sigh that sounded like the end of the world.

She lay back afterwards and stared at him with great admiration.

"You like?" Paul asked, as he lit them cigarettes.

"Oh man! I like, I like, I like," said reverently. "I'm so happy you dropped in. I'm not sure what it was for, but I'm so glad you dropped in. And just to think I never even knew you existed before today. Man I'm sure glad you dropped in."

Paul grinned. "Now that you mention it I did have a reason for dropping in, didn't I? Let's see what was it now. Something about a damage suit I needed you to testify in wasn't it?"

She shook her head. "Man, I don't care what it was. That we can talk about later. Right now there are more important things in my little head, man."

"Like what?" Paul asked, puffing on his cigarette while one naughty finger poked at her lovely navel.

"Like this Paul-boy," she said hoarsely. "Like this!"

She began to touch him provocatively until he had to quit smoking or take a chance of setting the bed on fire. Then she grabbed him and pulled him down against her nude body.

"Like this honey?" he said.

She nodded fervently. "The rest doesn't matter Paul baby. Let's get back to that cyclone we were on."

A moment later they were back on it, riding its curves and loops as if they had latched on to the tail of a comet in the sky. Their bodies rose and fell with cataclysmic, thundering rhythm that drove everything else but what was happening out of their minds. They rode it until the force of their mindless passion cast them on the beach like two exhausted swimmers who had been beaten back by a tidal wave.

Q. Thank you for the demonstration. What was essentially wrong with the second example?

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A. It's completely illogical for one thing. Here's a guy who goes up to see a girl he never met to discuss a case that she is not in sympathy with. Inside of ten minutes they're in bed making love and from the minute he sits down he's playing with her legs and breasts and thighs. Then the girl suddenly turns out to be a kind of nympho who wants sex from this stranger even more than he does. She's even less plausible than he, although his complete indifference about the reason he came there is certainly implausible. Moreover nearly every line, every bit of business is calculated to build a mood of eroticism, of deepening sensuality — if you'll excuse the expression — to give the reader hot pants. That's why I won't touch a scene like that.

Q. I see what you mean. It was beginning to affect me the way you say. But it is possible to have such an encounter — you know exploding like that without rhyme or reason. Isn't it?

A. Sure it is, but then you'd have to convince the reader through characterization and scene development that the man and the woman were impulsive, overly-sensual people who could come together that way. It is not sex I'm against, but cheap, implausible, stupid sex.

Q. And this is what sells eh?

A. I kid you not. It is a goldmine. I know some writers who make forty grand a year writing such books in tandem. That is they dictate the books to IBM machines several hours a day, one guy dictates to three machinists, using slightly different versions of the same plot.

Q. What can be done about this?

A. Well for one thing, we can fight it by speaking out against it like I am now. As editors we can refuse to buy the junk and as consumers we can make sure we pass it up in favor of better written fiction. We can try to support higher standards of writing whenever possible. And as writers we can remember what John Galsworthy once said about sex scenes. He said that sex was so deeply imbedded in men's minds, it was so near the top of one's consciousness that there was no need to labor the clinical side of it. Thence was no need to hammer fornication and desire into the reader's mind. A mere hint, a clue to the sexual desires of characters were enough to give the reader the idea that there was desire and lust in people's minds. Writers could well bear that in mind.

Q. Do you think they will? Any more than editors or publishers of sex novels?

A. Not in the very near future I'm afraid. The stuff sells too well, and it's stuff has built in insurance. That is the writer, editor and publisher know that they can move it along in the general marketplace. Why should they take a chance. As long as there is no public outcry to stop it, no legislation or court order to cease ban the writing and publishing of strong sex scenes, they'll continue to be written. The stuff is bad and it deserves to be banned for the public's benefit, but as things are right now, there isn't too much chance of it's happening. Right now while we are talking, two or three hundred guys are finishing sex novels full of scenes like the ones I described to you and publishers are getting ready to print them.

NUDISTS TAKE THE BLAME

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NUDIST STARE AT GIRLS' EYES NOT THEIR BREASTS

The thing that strikes the newcomer to a nudist camp is how carefully everyone's eyes remain at other people's eyelevel. If you see anyone staring at a girl's behind or bosom or for that matter at anyone's crotch then that person, you can be sure, is either cockeyed or has an innocent who has just entered the camp from the outside world. The effect on the new visitor is frequently startling. For perhaps five minutes he is aware of the voluptuous female forms on every side and it tends to make him a little warm around the temples. It may embarrass or even excite him, sexually. But after five minutes, the feeling usually goes away because of two factors: excessive nudity cancels out the sexual excitement that comes from seeing one pretty girl disrobe and you're too conscious of being surrounded by many sober-faced people who are watching you and your reactions to naked bodies.

NUDISTS LIKE TO WORK UP A SWEAT

Nudists like to work up a sweat in games like tennis, ping pong, horseshoe pitching, shuffleboard, badminton, etc. They dote on swimming and talk for hours about the aims of the nudists' movement.

At times the camp meetings sound remarkably like revivalist meetings in the bible belt of the Middle West and Deep South in fact. People address one another by first names offer each other family baking and a horde of small fry are always chasing around the camp buildings or tents until called to order by their parents. In short nothing could be less conducive to vulgar sexuality, illicit lovemaking or adultery — the three things that nudists are convinced always go on in the nudist camps. After all, such non-nudists critics ask: "what stops a guy from getting a leech for a lovely girl and making wild passionate love to her in the deep grass a few hundred yards from the clubhouse? And what about those nudist dances? How can a guy dance with a lovely naked girl and not feel — well you know! The sex drive, the age-old biological needs take over. Half those nudists babes are probably pregnant before the season's half gone."

Stuff and nonsense! It is considered very bad form to disappear with a female anywhere in a nudist camp. People generally stay in full view of everybody else except for very short periods. Any interest shown by a man in a woman not his wife can mean his immediate dismissal. Adultery is not only unheard of in nudist circles, it is extremely difficult to accomplish. And nudists do not dance in the nude. They always wear clothes where any bodily contact is to be made, even bodily contact as innocent of wrongdoing as in a waltz or fox trot. The idea of two nudists doing a sultry twist in the absolute nude is the result of an overheated puritanical imagination.

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DO NUDISTS BACK THE SEXY NUDIE FILMS?

This is absurd. Nudie films have nothing to do with nudism as normally practiced by groups and are flagrant examples of commercially-contrived film shows with one aim. To divest the viewer of his money by exciting him with the most erotic display of female flesh that will pass the law-enforcement authorities.

If you take an average nudie film what do you see? Some slob who is obviously a degenerate and pretty close to being a moron, who drools over naked females. In *NOT TONIGHT HENRY*, the protagonist dreams of seducing a bevy of beautiful naked girls from various epochs of history. French, British, Dutch and American girls show up in his erotic dream (shown vividly on the screen) in little or no clothing. The camera lingers longingly on the ladies' breasts and buttocks, at times all but ignoring their faces in fact. In *THE IMMORAL MR. TEAS*, Mr. Teas is a dental technician who cannot help undressing every female he runs into. In offices, coffee shops, dental labs, the camera shows the girls naked, as seen through his eyes. Again the camera dwells for long moments on the girls' breasts and buttocks. So much so that even when he goes to a lady psychiatrist for help, the camera shows her stripped as he is talking to her. The aim is blatantly erotic with no holds barred.

In still another film a young man climbs over the fence around a women's health club and looks on fascinatedly as naked girls romp in the golden sun. Again the camera moves lovingly over the girls' backsides and breasts as if it were illustrating an anatomy lesson in a medical school.

Because the nudie film makers are exploiting nudist photography for commercial profit, the public unjustly blames the nudists. This is as illogical as it would be to blame Rembrandt for sex crimes or nudie films because he painted voluptuous nudes whose pink flesh, to quote one critic, "looks good enough to eat."

If anyone is to assume the blame for the blatantly vulgar nudie films which make regular appearances now it is our habit of snickering about any exposure of female anatomy beyond the bikini level. And mind you, this is relative to the times. The sight of Jayne Mansfield in a little yellow bikini forty or fifty years ago when women commonly went to the beach in knee-length mother Hubbards, would have shocked our grandfathers very much.

All this will not stop many well-meaning people from pointing the finger of blame at the organized nudists for the spate of sexy movies, books, erotic records and the phallic symbols that crowd our universe. But in all truth they do not deserve it — any more than do the natives of the upper Amazon who are shocked if their women appear in public with genitals covered and therefore insist that their women be clothed from the waist up only.

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THE COST OF MAKING NUDIE FILMS

Meanwhile the nudie film producers are continuing to turn out their celluloid lusts in increasing quantity and the bona fide nudists are helpless to stop them. A nudie film maker can slap together an hour frolic of naked maidens in a field or 'resort club' for perhaps ten thousand dollars or less and this is a veritable drop in the bucket where money in films is concerned.

They can get their girls by going to the nude model parlors in some towns or persuading regular models to expose themselves for a sizeable fee or a cut of the profits. In some cases the producers even hire call girls to do the acting roles. Since there is usually no dialogue or else simply a few minutes of it plus a silly narration, the production costs are kept to a minimum. The script is generally very silly and knocked out by underpaid hack writers. And the public flocks to these low grade films.

Perhaps when the public understands the economics of making these films, some of the onus will be taken off the nudists themselves. But until then you can be sure that every marquee that announced naked cavorting females in some peepshow film that would be more suitable for a longshoreman's stag party, honest, law abiding nudists will take the blame and suffer public disapproval.



FANTASTIC

FRAULEIN !











DDT